



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

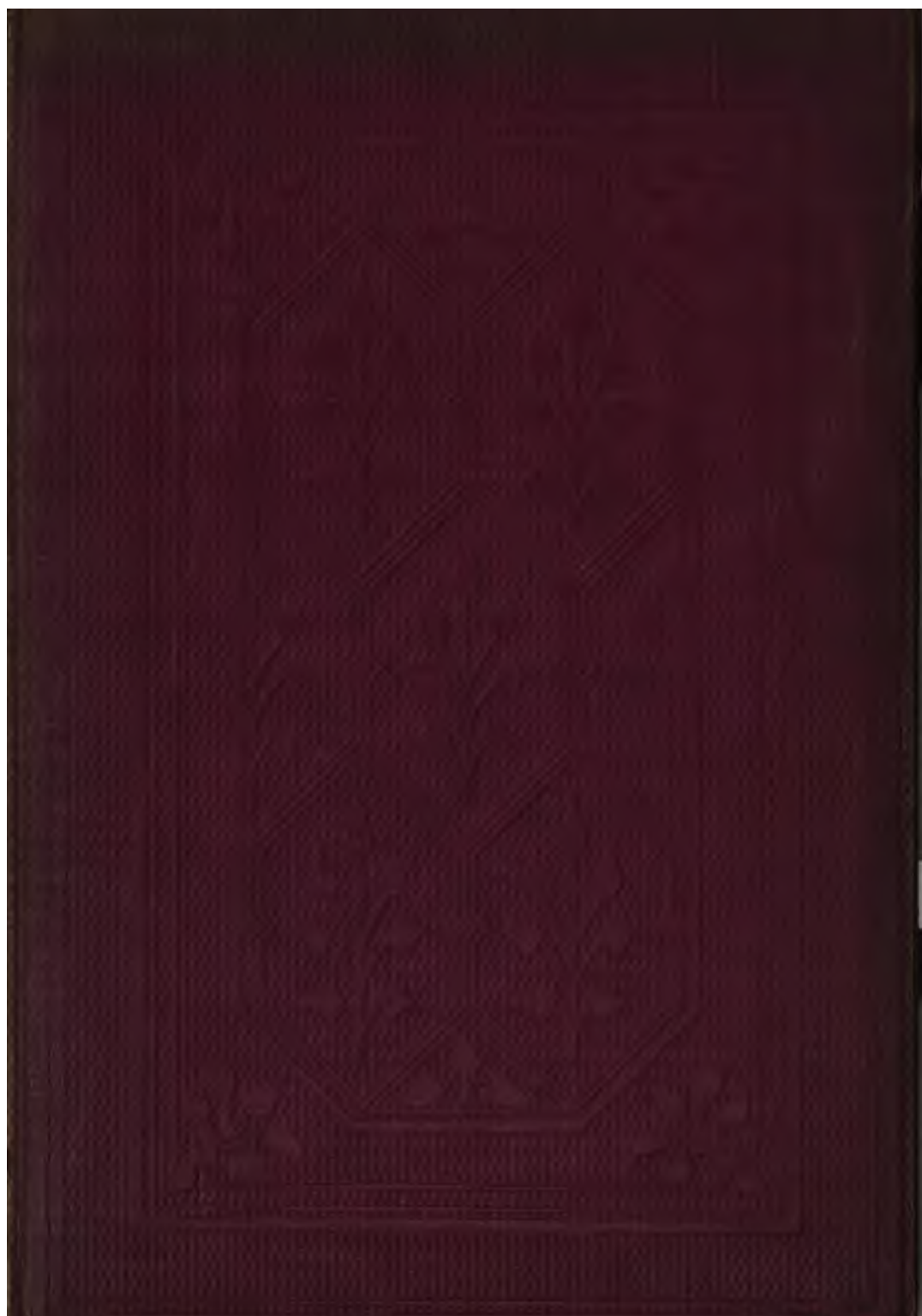
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600082394W



SONNETS.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES STRONG, M.A., F.R.A.S.,

FORMERLY FELLOW OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD,
AND LATE RECTOR OF BROUGHTON GIFFORD, WILTS,

Author of "Specimens of Sonnets from the most Celebrated Italian Poets,
with Translations."

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON :

WALTON & MABERLY,

UPPER GOWER STREET, AND IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXII.

280. b. 37.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



TO

THE EARL OF HARROWBY,

THE FOLLOWING

SONNETS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

TORQUAY, MAY 4, 1835.



SONNETS.



I.

RAISED, like a jewelled trophy, in mid-sky
Orion shone, Jove's star o'erhung the West,
Eastward, in all her beauty early drest,
Venus proclaim'd the conquering Sun was nigh :

Thousands of nameless Worlds stood glittering by ;
And myriads, streaming far beyond the rest
From Heaven's low circuit to the polar crest,
Were seen, through optic tube, by wondering eye :

Nor yet unmarshalled, like a routed Host,
In shining multitudes at random driven,
Crowd they thro' some interminable coast ;

All, in the regions infinite of Heaven,
In ~~their~~ appointed course, as Thou, Lord, know'st,
Obey the voice of Thy command—once given.

OF PRESENTING THE LATE PRESENT OF THE COUNCIL WITH "SPECIMENS OF
ITALIAN POETRY WITH TRANSLATIONS."

Among the titles which thy worth commend
To Fame's bright record, and the World's esteem,
First to the grateful Muse, and dearest, seem
The gifted Scholar and the Patron-friend :

'Tis thus invoked she woos thee to suspend
All graver cares, and, by the Tuscan stream,
In shades romantic wrapt, indulge the dream,
Which to their votary's prayer the Sisters lend.

Scipio and Lælius, as pleased Marcus tells,
Would oft, when Senates closed, the hours beguile,
Pacing the yellow sands in quest of shells.

Now England's course is smooth, and no cloud lowers,
Quit, noble HARROWBY, the helm awhile,
And stoop to Poesy's minuter flowers.

YE Stars of Heaven, that, through the veil of Night,
 Look mercifully down, ah ! gaze ye not,
 With pity, on this dark sublunar spot,
 Whose good so soon was marred by evil's blight ?

Perchance, within your spheres' unfading light,
 Immortal Beings hold a godlike lot ;
 Who never the command divine forgot,
 Nor feared their Maker's voice, nor shunned his sight :

Or, are ye stationed in the wilds of space
 To welcome those, who Death have overthrown,
 And fit their vision for the blissful place ?

From glory on to glory fuller shown
 Our Guides, till we behold HIM face to face,
 And, in HIS likeness, know as we are known.


IV.

To this fair Island, in the western sea,
From green Devonian's vales I came—to die ;
In vain the fondest care, serenest sky,
Long had gone forth th' immutable decree :

Long had I been resigned—Ye, only, Ye,
Who watched my slow decline with anxious eye,
To Earth still bound me with affection's tie ;
For Love made known what sorrow yours would be :

Yet mourn not—All the shadowy scene must leave
At morn or noon, ev'n those, who stay awhile,
Count but a few brief hours, and sink at eve :

Like Israel's Prince resume your wonted style ;
Ye cannot doubt my bliss, ye may not grieve,
Whilst in your memory lives my DYING SMILE.



THOUGH Alps in awful grandeur stood around,
 With all the wonders their deep bosoms hold,
 Summer's bright verdure, snow's eternal cold,
 Dark pine-clad steeps, and torrent-gulf profound ;

Still, like the Pilgrim, on sweet errand bound,
 Whose eyes with passing glance the scenes behold,
 Which realms of beauty to his view unfold,
 I sped with eager step tow'rds Latian ground :

My fancy lingered round the imperial halls,
 Where she had made herself a shadowy home,
 By Tiber's banks, and Anio's waterfalls :


My childhood's thought, my youth's desire, was Rome :
 Strangely I longed to walk within her walls,
 And worship God beneath his proudest dome.

CHIEF of the giant mountains ! awful form !
Alp ! on whose brow, wreathed with eternal snows,
Suns smite in vain, when radiant summer glows,
And harvests ripen through thy valleys warm ;

Oft I behold thee girdled with the storm,
Oft, when the Moon her quiet splendour throws
O'er thy vast solitudes, and darkly shows
The scars and ruins which thy sides deform.

Thy summit pure, so free from earthly stain,
Seems meet approach to that immortal state
Where peace unclouded holds her starry reign :

The Few who climb thee, with strange joy elate,
Thus mingling with the skies, forget their pain,
Like Pilgrims fresh-arrived at heaven's own gate.



VII.

OCEAN ! I love thee in thy boisterous mood,
When thy strong billows wrestle with the land,
Or, with high crest careering o'er the strand,
Leap the dark cliff, and scare the sea-bird's brood :

I love thee, Ocean, when by Zephyr woo'd
Thy placid waters tremblingly expand,
And his soft whisper greet with smiles, as bland
As thy face wore, when God first call'd thee good.

Yet most I love thee, when, from low-browed cave,
I watch, as sheds the Moon the golden path,
That leads to heaven across thy slumbering wave :

But I abhor thee, when, in senseless wrath,
Thou swallowest up the gentle, and the brave,
In sight of home, and friends, that throng to save.

VIII.

BEAUTY ! when intellectual charms are thine,
And kindling features eloquently speak
Soft sensibility, and temper meek,
I fondly turn, and worship at thy shrine ;

But when these gifts, that make thee all divine,
Ennoble not the soul, nor bloom of cheek,
Nor radiant eye, nor skin as damask sleek,
Shall win a single wreath from hand of mine.

Nor mean my service, nor though chastened, cold ;
To gaze unseen, unknown, wakes more delight
Than misers feel when brooding o'er their gold.

Then the attempt to picture thee aright !
To shape thy absent form in fancy's mould !
Imagination takes no sweeter flight.

IX.

PASSING th' enclosure where the dead repose,
I saw, in sable weeds, a gentle pair
Lingering with fond regard, at evening's close,
Beside a little grave fresh-swelling there :

Silent they stood, serene their thoughtful air ;
There fell no tear, no vain complaint arose ;
Faith seemed to prompt the unutterable pray'r,
And to their view the eternal home disclose.

Next Sabbath brought me where the floweret lay—
Record of high descent the marble bore,
Heir of a noble house, and only Stay ;

And these words gathered from the Bible's store—
“ The Lord hath given, the Lord hath ta'en away,
His holy name be blessed evermore.”

THEY tell me, Boy, that, with too eager pace,
I strain with thee up Learning's arduous steep,
And by untrodden paths advance, nor keep
The road, that gently rises from the base :

'Tis true, from height to height to loftier place,
I lead thee on, and barriers overleap,
Where others, by dull ways, obscurely creep,
Nothing beholding of the glorious chase ;

Yet is thy watchful Father ever by,
Ever he stretches back a helping hand,
Informs thy steps, and bids thee fearless try ;

One effort more, and on the top we stand,—
There, in the freshness of a purer sky,
Range we at leisure through the flowery land.

XI.

THEY picture Death a tyrant, gaunt and grim,
And, for his random aim, temper a dart
Of bite so mortal, that the fiery smart
Consumes, and turns to dust the stoutest limb.

Thus dire to meet, yet shrink not they from him
Who walk, by faith, in singleness of heart ;
The simply wise, who choose the watchful part,
Nor let their eyelids close, or lamps grow dim.

Nor always dark, and terrible his mien ;
As those, who by the couch the night-watch keep,
Have known, spectators of the blessed scene,

When friends, who stand around, joy more than weep,
As, with hushed step, and smile of love serene,
In the soft guise he comes of gentle Sleep.

XII.

CONSTANCE ! though on the couch of sickness laid,
Thy present ill with pictures of the past
Is oft beguiled ; so fresh the colours last
In thy mind's mirror pure, at will display'd ;

For thou hast Alp and Apennine survey'd ;
Rome on her ruined throne of empire vast ;
Art's wonders, forms in mould of beauty cast,
And nature, lovelier than herself, portray'd.

Visions of Italy still charm thine eyes :
Often, amid the gloom of sleepless hours,
Thy chamber brightens with her happy skies ;

Her fruits hang golden, fragrant breathe her flowers ;
And tuneful, as the day in glory dies,
The knell of evening chimes from convent towers.

XIII.

LORD ! I would hunger after that blest food,
Thirst after that life-giving draught of thine,
And ever, if to will and do were mine,
The one thing needful seek and only good ;

But ah ! to interrupt her better mood
How many Foes against my Soul combine ;
Foes, that, unless thy powerful arm divine
Extend its aid, by me are ill withstood :

Yet rich thy Promise is, faithful thy Word—
“ Ask, at my throne let all thy wants be told,
And in due season shall thy prayer be heard.”

The prayer, thy grace now prompts, hear, Lord, at length ;
Deliver me, as thou wert wont of old,
And, in my weakness, glorify thy strength.


XIV.

WOULD I to healthful sounds reclaim my Lyre !
I pierce the green wood to some flowery nook,
There on sweet Spenser cast regardful look ;
He chastens old, and kindles new desire.

Not more were wont the Muses to inspire
Dreamers of old with draught from sacred brook
Of Castaly, when strange emotions shook
Their tuneful souls, as winds the trembling wire.

From vain delights, and lap of slothful down,
Bewildered thoughts, and soft infectious speech,
Who would escape, must quit the impure town ;

Returning, where, beneath the white-armed beech,
By valley's stream, or hillock's verdant crown,
Her simple lesson Nature waits to teach.



ROUSED by the billow's melancholy dirge,
I woke, as Night her sable banner furled ;
What time pale mists, in forms fantastic curled,
Like spectral shapes, come flitting o'er the surge :

Then, looking eastward, on the ocean's verge
From the near sun I saw red flashes hurled ;
As rolls the pageant from the nether world,
And from the waves the golden wheels emerge.

Never of old did more portentous light
Suspend the seaman's oar, when, like a pyre,
Lemnos appeared at evening, kindling bright ;

Rather—when, tasked by Jove in sudden ire,
The God was labouring with his crew all night,
On glowing anvils shaping forked fire.


XVI.

EXPECTANT on the grass-crowned cliff we lay ;
The signal sounded, to the enamoured wind
Three lovely barks their snowy sails unbind,
And big with swelling canvas stretch away.

Swans, on the bosom of calm inland bay,
That, by some fear to sudden speed inclin'd,
Urge the blue waters till they stream behind,
Not swifter seem, or whiter-winged than they.

Nor eager those, alone, who seek the prize ;
As in full theatre, the scene begun,
Rank above rank attentive crowds arise :

Aloud the Victor, when the goal is won,
We greet, and with the vanquish'd sympathise ;
Heedless, perchance, how our own race be run !



XVII.

I NEVER with such horror stood aghast,
As when in lone Pompeii's silent street,
I felt thy mighty pulse, Vesuvius, beat,
And from thy jaws saw burst the fiery blast :

Thunders were loud, and smoke in columns vast
Mantled the air with darkness, and strange heat
Warned the sad peasant from his vine-clad seat,
As down the fruitful slope the red stream pass'd.

I feared lest might return that deathful hour,
When to their Gods for help the people ran,
And there was none, in temple, nor in tower :

And to my vision came the enthusiast man,
Who perished in the breath of that foul shower,
Nature's dread secrets obstinate to scan.


XVIII.

OFt Winter, Babbicombe, thy lonely shore
Hath lashed, since, freighted with a laughing crew,
Our bark along the marge of Ocean flew,
And stirred with gentle keel thy pebbly floor :

We recked not what the future had in store,
Bright, as thy embayed waters, to our view
The present smiled, for life and hope were new,
And look of peace the far horizon wore.

Landed, in happy groups we wandered free,
Some ranged the woods, some 'thwart the deep blue air
Walked the high cliff, and traced a wider sea.

The rock our table formed, the turf our chair,
Nor sad the guests beneath the whispering tree,
For Youth and Innocence and Love were there.




XIX.

FRIENDS, gentle Friends, how often I repeat
The wish, that near my own your dwelling stood,
Not proudly built, yet elegantly neat,
On some green slope, by hill o'erlooked and wood :

Thither I oft should turn my eager feet,
There with pure joys divert the pensive mood,
Nor idly trifle, precious time to cheat,
But prompt, and prompted be, to mutual good.

Happy, thrice happy those, who, ere their days
Be spent, from wandering in vain shadows cease,
And view serene, as fade life's evening rays,

The brightness of a better world increase ;
Still onward led by HER, whose ways are ways
Of Pleasantness, and all whose paths are Peace.



XX.

CHIEF splendour of the azure-vaulted sky ;
Thou from thy golden urn the softest ray
Dost pour, refreshing the sun-wearied eye,
And lighting fancy on her dreamy way :

Bewildered in the beautiful display,
Methinks that thou, and all the stars on high,
For me alone usurp the throne of day,
So still and voiceless all earth's creatures lie :

Vain thought ! how many commune with thee now,
On sleepless couch, from out the prison's gloom,
Amid lone wilds, and on the distant prow.

Thou soothest those who weep beside the tomb,
And fond hearts at thine altar breathe the vow,
Dazzled with hope, and blind to future doom.



XXI.

HERE, where the night-breeze moans like a distant knell,
I would hold converse with my kindred dead,
And shape them to mine eye, as when they fled
To the pure clime where righteous spirits dwell :

Imagination work thy mightiest spell—
My Sire appears, light, such as sun-beams shed
On vernal showers, enwreathes his sainted head,
He seems to say—Son ! guard thy Mother well.

Sisters ! ye too do leave your heaven awhile,
For this brief moment surely were ye spared,
To teach me how above the Angels smile :

Brothers ! with whom life's joys and pains were shared,
I mark the import of that warning style,
Lips never plainlier spake,—“BE THOU PREPARED.”

XXII.

PAST the grey tombs what space an arrow flies,
The darkening road winds down a hollow glade,
Romantic spot ! and sweetly solemn made
By over-arching trees of giant size :

Above, Aricia's battlements arise,
As on the branches of the lofty shade
The town were based, with all its long parade
Of domes and turrets basking in the skies.

More shadowy depths and varied tints of green
Not Vallombrosa clothe, here, Stranger, stay,
And on thy tablet spread the sylvan scene :

Nor charmed alone the prospect's fair array,
Old memories my raptures flashed between,
And peopled thick the silent Appian Way.

XXIII.

PACING, as I was wont, on day of rest,
Amid the Coliseum's awful round,
From distant corridor there came a sound,
As of a voice that published tidings blest :

Along the vaulted way I forward press'd,
And soon a group of dark-eyed Romans found,
Intent and fixed, like men some spell had bound,
The Preacher with such power their souls address'd.

The words he spake, his gesture, and rapt look,
Betokened one whom Heaven had rendered bold
To ope the treasures of the sacred book.

Methought the Shepherd visibly forsook
Temples, where holy things were bought and sold,
For two or three thus gathered to his fold.

ROME, 1822.




XXIV.

ERE the wide waters on my view had smil'd,
From inland vale, in sunset's shapeful hue,
Oft Fancy traced their level line of blue,
And pictured cliffs where golden clouds were pil'd ;

Often the Sea-birds' wail my mind beguil'd,
I loved the boisterous home from which they flew ;
From out dark pines when winds loud murmurs drew,
Methought I heard the waves in chorus wild.

At length I blest a Brother's guiding hand,
The goal was reached, and as I stood entranced,
A new world viewing from the lofty land,

Sudden—around the precipice that veils
The western sky, a warrior-ship advanced,—
On the blue waste a Pyramid of Sails.



YE sacred Arks of Liberty ! that float
Where Tamar's waters spread their bosom wide,
That seem, with towering stern and rampart side,
Like antique castles girt with shining moat ;

Should War the signal give with brazen throat,
No more recumbent here in idle pride,
Your rapid prows would cleave the foaming tide,
And to the nations speak with thundering note.

Thus, in the firmament serene and deep,
When summer clouds the earth are hanging o'er,
And all their mighty masses seem asleep,

To execute heaven's wrath and judgments sore,
From their dark wombs the sudden lightnings leap,
And vengeful thunders peal from shore to shore.


XXVI.

Is this the spot where Rome's eternal foe
Into his snares the mighty legions drew,
Whence from the carnage, spiritless and few,
A remnant scarcely reached her gates of woe ?

Is this the stream, thus gliding soft and slow,
That, from the gushing wounds of thousands, grew
So fierce a flood, that waves of crimson hue
Rushed on the bosom of the lake below ?

The Mountains that gave back the battle-cry,
Are silent now, perchance, yon hillocks green
Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie.

Heaven never gladdened a more peaceful scene ;
Never left softer breeze a fairer sky
To sport upon thy waters, Thrasymane !



XXVII.

OFTEN, when standing fearful near the brink
Of towering cliff, whose rugged brow o'erhung
Some dark ravine, where solitary sprung
A lovely flower, wild rose, or glowing pink,

I've fondly gazed, until I ceased to shrink
From the sharp edge, and could myself have flung
To the low crevice, where the floweret clung,
Though with my prize I down were doomed to sink.

In this enchanting world of love and light
Are forms a thousand times more sweet and fair,
And precipices near, that more affright ;

Taught by another's perilous proof, beware,
Nor lean too much on reason's vaunted might ;
Those only are secure, who gaze not there.




XXVIII.

I stood at gaze where the free hills arise,
Whence rocks 'mid deepest solitudes are seen,
And glimmering through dark foliage, the blue sheen
Of Ocean stained with heaven's own sapphire dyes :

Then into the deep air I raised my eyes ;
The stedfast dome was cloudless and serene,
Fit roof to over-arch so fair a scene,
For earth in loveliness vied with the skies.

Enrolled, methought, among a happier race,
I felt immortal moments as I said,
Death finds no entrance here, and Sin no place :

Then quick to mark where recent footsteps led,
I saw One bending o'er the furrow's trace,
And on his brow the primal sentence read.



XXIX.

My window's open to the evening sky,
The solemn trees are fringed with golden light,
The lawn here shadowed lies, there kindles bright,
And cherished roses lift their incense high :

The punctual Thrush, on plane-tree warbling nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the night ;
Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.

The book that told of wars in holy land,
(Nor less than Tasso sounded in mine ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand.

Poets, whom NATURE for her service rears,
Like Priests in her great temple minist'ring stand,
But in her glory fade when she appears.


XXX.

O THOU ! whose golden reins curb steeds of fire,
Blest be the rosy Hours that onward bring
Thy glorious pomp, now Night with folded wing
Hides in her cave, and heaven's pale host retire :

Fresh from their flowery beds the gales respire,
To rapture new awakes each living thing,
Rivers run joyous, woods harmonious ring,
As Earth, unveiling, shows her green attire.

Now Ocean shines distinct, the bark unmoors ;
Flocks to the dewy mountains from the fold
Go forth, the springing lark above them soars ;

And hopeful Man, as on thy state is roll'd,
Welcomes the beam that o'er the cluster pours
A deeper dye, and ripens fruits of gold.



XXXI.

LIVED there beneath the earth in depths profound
A Race, like us, with reason's light endued,
Yet who, less privileged, had never viewed
The sky, the ocean, and the emerald ground ;

Then were they sudden from these shades unbound,
And led into this world, with wonders strewed—
As they the spacious theatre reviewed,
How would the spectacle delight, confound !

The sun, the azure sky, the floating cloud,
The sea, woods, rivers, and the flowery sod,
And each fair scene the beams of day unshroud :

The star-pav'd heaven by shining planets trod—
With eyes in wonder rais'd, and rapture loud,
Ah ! would they not exclaim ? a God ! a God !

XXXII.

TO THE REVEREND CARRINGTON LEY,
VICAR OF BERE REGIS, DORSET.

FRIEND of my youth ! whom time hath made more dear,
Not evils, only, years, as they advance,
Darkly unfold, witness the happy chance !
That from such hateful distance brings thee near :

Scenes long o'ershadowed brightly reappear ;
Again, perusing with enraptured glance
The early pages of life's sweet romance,
I taste the freshness of our vernal year.

Haste, my retreat hath store of charms for thee,
Sweet note of native birds, and by clear stream
Trees, whose green arches often cloister me ;

Remembered books, awakening ancient theme,—
Nor wants there wine, laid up for sober glee,
When GRENVILLE was installed our Chief supreme.

BOLHAM, TIVERTON.



XXXIII.

How oft maturer years are charmed with store
Of scenes from glowing pages caught in youth,
When words, like pictures, living colours wore,
And fiction's impress was as strong as truth ;

The Red Sea ! when the built-up waves down pour
On Egypt's host—amid the corn-sheaves, Ruth !—
Or, Cadmus, portrayed in profaner lore
Watching the growth of men from Dragon's tooth !

In my ideal gallery appear
Two trees, which I more fondly contemplate
Than any my own hands have planted here ;

The Plane, that shaded Tully in debate,
And Fig-tree, to returning warriors dear,
That spread its branches near the Scæan gate.

XXXIV.

COLUMNS, all statue-crowned, their deep files spread
On either hand, whilst from twin fountains spring
Waters, that beat the air with dewy wing,
Then radiant fall upon their marble bed :

To the majestic front thus proudly led,
What pencil's force, what strong imagining
Shall paint, as back the lofty gates they fling,
The firmament of glory overhead.

Fit emblem of the great Creator's deed,
When heaven's blue concave crowned the mighty plan,
And the first mortal earth's young verdure trod.

The Nations here, forgetful of their creed,
Exclaim—O noblest monument of man !
O Temple worthy of the living God !

XXXV.

I MAY not taste the fragrant breath of Spring,
And gaze upon her beauty, and caress
The flowers embosomed with such tenderness,
And her sweet advent not be heard to sing ;

When insects are abroad on gentle wing,
And birds, melodious, throng the green recess,
When rising joys all living creatures bless,
And sounds of gladness through the valleys ring.

Now Earth's redeemed from winter's icy chain,
And buds and blossoms drink the sun-lit shower,
And verdant fallows teem with infant grain,

I too would feel heaven's renovating power,
And on the true vine grafted, there remain
A living branch, until the vintage hour.

XXXVI.

TO THE MEMORY OF
SUSAN, VISCOUNTESS EBRINGTON.

DEATH ! thou hast laid a matchless victim low,
And overwhelmed, by such untimely doom,
The lordly hall and Peasant's bower in gloom,
So many hearts are pierced by this one blow !

Yet, blessed truth ! though vanish'd from below,
Her beauty lives, her gentle virtues bloom
Imperishably fair beyond the tomb,
Where the pure streams of life for ever flow.

Adorned with every grace of form and mind,
She perfected what nature fondly plann'd,
And grew to be the model of her kind.

When worth, like hers, retires at Heaven's command,
To friend, or parent, grief is not confined,—
We mourn for dead a DAUGHTER OF THE LAND.



XXXVII.

THE tidings came—my Brother was no more—
Heart-stricken, to the Palatine I went,
There on a sculptured stone Time's hand had rent,
I sat me down my spirit to restore :

Friends there were none, They wept on Albion's shore ;
Yet each grey Fane, each aged Monument,
Seemed on my sorrow feelingly intent :
Such look of sympathy the Ruins wore.

And Men, with whose high deeds the world yet rings,
Appeared, as evening gloomed, and Conquerors pass'd
With Nations in their train, and captive Kings ;

And voices, from that shadowy concourse vast,
Whispering the vanity of earthly things
Were heard, as flitted by the midnight blast.

XXXVIII.

LOUISA ! guarding still the name of WINN,
Rememberest thou Devon's vernal hue,
Her orchards blooming flowery vales within,
Her dewy skies, and sea of softest blue ?

Rememberest Greenway, and th' expanding view
Of Dart's full waters, Becky's thundering din,
And northward, where, oak-garlanded anew,
Down from her mountain-lair career'd the LINN ?

That valley too, strange wilderness of stone,
And the bold path hung midway from the surge,
And sky-built crags, old Druids' misty throne—

These scenes remembered, I too may emerge
Who gazed with thee, however dimly shown,
Content, if seen within the picture's verge.

'Twas near the walls that gird th' imperial town,
 Where from a lonely Convent's still retreat
 I saw, whilst Tiber glowed beneath my feet,
 From heaven's illumined vault the Sun go down ;

The lofty Capitol, like burnished crown,
 Blazed on the City's brow,—each hallowed seat,
 Each mournful relic of the perished Great,
 Seemed once more brightening into old renown ;

The Plain in purple haze lay slumbering deep,
 The giant arches, that bestrode it, shone
 A bridge of gold to blue Albano's steep.

Man, here alas ! for ages overthrown,
 With no gleam kindles, sunk in deathlike sleep,
 His ruin, Rome, is darker than thine own.

XL.

THE ROCK-WALK.

A Spot, whose beauty ev'n from gainful haste
Wins brief delay, long space enjoyed by those
Who the slow walk repeat, or in repose
Eye the blue waves, and sea-born breezes taste :

Green swelling hills of Devon, foliage-traced,
With cliffs romantic round bright waters close—
Here blushes early, lingers late the rose,
The myrtle here survives the leafy waste.

Like isles pine-pinnacled the glassy deep
O'ershadowing, when War's loud note alarms,
Here England's battle-ships dread muster keep :

The Peasant oft, so glory's service charms,
Viewing the bannered squadrons from this steep,
Joins the bold crew and dares the strife of arms.

XLI.

SEASON of bursting leaves ! for many a day
I've watched thy coming, and strict search have made
Beside the tangled copse, and open glade,
For the fresh charm of new-invested spray :

Blest dropping clouds ! mild warmth of brighter ray !
At length the chestnut from the brown wood's shade
Flings emerald gleams, along the lane's arcade
Elms with green light illuminate my way :

Yon Oak, where build the social birds and pair,
Into rich foliage is swarming out,
And sunward shineth with a golden glare.

Ye tardy trees, that linger still and doubt,
Unbind your leafy locks, the southern air
Invites, and stranger cuckoo's mellow shout.

As One, who in the battle's hot career
Sees a loved comrade fall, yet onward goes
Urged by the rapid war, and whelming foes,
And, scarcely sighing, o'er him drops no tear ;

Thus I, when Death a brother struck, was near,
Yet in such dread array came on fresh woes,
That desperate borne to meet th' impending blows,
Scarce a wild look I cast on one so dear.

Now hath misfortune spent her angry store,
And slow-recovering from the stunning shock
At length the prostrate senses wake once more ;

Feeling returns, with deep remembrance sore
Of treasure lost, upon the lonely rock
I sit, and shipwrecked hopes and life deplore.

XLIII.

THE gale that winged with fragrance softly blew,
Now spread the sulphurous taint of death,—the rill
Tuneful and clear, was bloodstain'd now and still,—
Banks trodden down, and blacken'd their green hue ;

Yet to this stream from adverse camps withdrew,
To quench hot thirst, Warriors, with peaceful will ;
Rancour was soothed, and Pity's tender thrill
Kindled in each rough breast emotions new.

Like Knights of old, at close of battle fray,
Each to the other courteous service lends,
And hands are joined and vows exchanged that day :

Sudden a voice of loud command ascends,
'To arms,' 'to arms,'—the battle moves, and they,
Who strangers smote before, now smite their friends.

XLIV.


PSALM 119, v. 71.

O YE ! who through the vale of sorrow plod,
Attend the words which Israel's prince declared,
When God was wrath, nor his own servant spared,
Till deep repentance won the approving nod.

Yes—when we bend beneath affliction's rod,
No more by beauty of the world ensnared,
Vain Man at sight of coming judgment scared,
Turns from his idols to the living God.

Though pain excruciate, and death affright,
Yet as the wasted body sinks, the soul
Beholds eternal things with purer sight.

Affliction ! so my wandering steps control,
That, tho' I pass with thee through darkest night,
I may at dawning reach the heavenly goal.



XLV.

How silently on her smooth axle turns
Th' unwearied Earth, bearing with rapid ease
Waters of mighty rivers and broad seas,
Whilst not a drop o'erflows their brimming urns !

Naught hindered when the loud volcano burns ;
Alike unmoved by hurricane or breeze ;
Perish her infant flowers, or, aged trees,
Bent on her errand all delay she spurns :

By night, by day, still eager to fulfil
Her task of ages, in a ceaseless round
She moves, obedient to her Maker's will.

Ah would that Man, on his brief journey bound,
So kept his course, and, spite of transient ill,
Thus unperturb'd a Traveller were found !

XLVI.

SHE grieved that her loved Season's pensive hue,
Its colours sadly gay, so soon should fade,
And she not seek, in thoughtful mood, the glade,
Nor from grey steep the mellow landscape view :

Others too grieved, that One, so fond and true,
Marked not with them each sudden gleam and shade,
The leaf's light fall, the stillness—deeper made
By rustling breeze, or birds forlorn and few.

O pure delight ! when minds are well agreed,
To commune thus with WOMAN, early taught
In Nature's page devotedly to read :

Lady, with *thee*—who, in thy vernal hour,
Like some heaven-favoured plant, art richly fraught
With Wisdom's golden fruit, and Beauty's flower.



XLVII.

HAD I the skill of Lawrence and chaste hues,
Then would I, Lady, thy resemblance trace,
And oft before mine eyes the portrait place,
Nor trust alone to Memory and the Muse ;

Then others might thy countenance peruse,
And say, when bending o'er th' expressive face,—
To paint that tender look's peculiar grace
The fondest words were vain that Poets use !

Ah me ! for neither Art brings full content,
Since—thy mild voice—how were its sweetness told ?
And how—thy manner's gentle blandishment ?

Woman, thus precious, Genius' sons of old
In visions saw, heaven-taught to represent
Her, whose fond arms the holy babe enfold.

XLVIII.

RAISE, raise, dear gentle Flower, thy drooping head,
That gracious Heaven may open to thy view,
Cheer with its beams, refresh thee with its dew—
Look up, dear gentle Flower, be comforted.

Set in His garden, by His bounty fed,
Whilst others by the way-side idly grew,
In purer air, among the chosen few,
Thou hast in strength and beauty flourished.

‘ Ah, say, how droop not, if, in that same bower,
A loved one sink beneath such early doom,
That grew with me in sunshine, and in shower.’

Ere the full fragrance, and immortal bloom
Of that fair world be Hers, dear weeping Flower,
Thy loved One must be gathered to the tomb.



XLIX.

PROUD One ! I reckon thee thus highly placed
At the Great Master's hospitable board,
For other purpose than to wear and waste,—
He claims thy service, claims to be adored :

This homage paid, 'tis given thee to taste,
To see o'er all thy works his blessing pour'd ;
Whilst those, who only to their pleasures haste,
Shall pine amid th' abundance of their hoard.

' Ah, say, how serve him best, how best adore'—
A Brother, Sister see in all who grieve,
And in thine own behold a common store :

Who doeth thus shall thankfully believe
His words, who all our sins and sorrows bore,—
MORE BLESSED 'TIS TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

L.

OH never, LADY, in the desert plain
Did Pilgrim hail with such intense delight
Green shade and fountain cool, as I the sight
Of one whose friendship was my earliest gain :

Blooming I left thee, 'mid the virgin train,
Like some fair rose on stem of graceful height,
Whose beauties open to the flattering light
Of golden morn, and skies without a stain.

Alas ! not mine alone the saddened brow ;
Thine too with sorrow's cloud is overcast,
And eyes that beamed with joy, are tearful now :

Ah ! let us hope that every storm is past,
That voyaging abreast with gentle prow,
We may the peaceful haven reach at last.

LI.

TIME, I rejoice, amid the ruin wide
That peoples thy dark empire, to behold
Shores against which thy waves in vain have roll'd,
Where man's proud works still frown above thy tide.

The deep-based Pyramids still turn aside
Thy wasteful current, vigorously old
Lucania's temples their array unfold,
Pillar, and Portico, in simple pride.

Nor less my joy, when, sheltered from thy storms
In earth's fond breast, hid treasure bursts the sod,—
Elaborate stone in sculpture's matchless forms.

Oft did I mock thee, Spoiler, as I trod
The glowing courts where still the Goddess warms,
And stern in beauty stands the quivered God.

LII.

WELL I remember, on my youthful ear
When first the solemn Hallelujahs fell ;
Through dim aisles roll'd the echoes, like the swell
Of mighty waters when the winds career :

Great was my transport, and sublimed by fear ;
High thoughts of those, who in God's presence dwell,
Possess'd my soul, and Judgment, Heaven, and Hell
As dread realities did now appear :

And when the deep notes ceas'd, and evening gleamed,
A voice serene amid the pillared gloom
Of the Redeemer sang, and the Redeemed ;

Of Death, and Resurrection from the tomb ;
How the rejected ONE, and the blasphemed,
Should in His glory come, and seal our doom.

LIII.

IN health—not rich, nor meanly poor, my state
Is more than kingly—no one envies me,
For Nature's varied scenes to all are free,
And in her paths I early stray and late.

Contented stand I at another's gate,
And gaze on fruits whose sweets untasted be,
Walk 'mid his sheaves and share the reaper's glee,
His barns are fill'd, whilst I congratulate.

I feel the Love that wakes each vernal flower,
That pours from secret urns the tuneful brooks,
And gives to summer-suns their ripening power.

Deep things I read in Autumn's thoughtful looks,
And when the snow falls thick in darkening shower,
How bright my chamber, and what friends my books !

A GEM upon the diadem of Night,
Yon peerless Planet beams athwart the West.
Is that thy dwelling—that thy place of rest
My Mother? dost thou bathe in the pure light

By mortals unapproached, or with the bright
And duteous Seraph hymnest thou? Oh blest
In the companionship of Saints—the guest
Of Heaven's Great King, triumphant in the might

Of thy Redeemer! haply dost thou e'er
Bend on this world of ours thy meek blue eye
E'en as of yore 'twould gaze in ecstasy

On yonder orb intent? what strife and care
And sin doth meet thy vision! earthward then
Look not, my Mother—hie thee home agen.

1830.

C. L.

* The Sonnets with the Initials C. L. are by a friend.



LV.

BIRDIE.

STAR of my life's pale eve ! sweet *Birdie*, Child
Of long soul-treasured hopes, how fondly dwell
On thee thy Mother's thoughts and mine—how swell
Our hearts with joy to mark thy movements wild,

So graceful in their gladness ! We have smiled
Albeit with awe, to hear thee lisping tell
Thy golden day-dreams gushing from the well
Of thy deep love-bright dreams and undefiled,

And breathing all of heaven ! Oh not of earth
That pure and loving spirit that wakes in thee
Each pulse and throb for her who gave thee birth—

Unfaltering trust and truth—feelings that be
Too calm for sorrow, too sedate for mirth
Thy childhood's unproved Idolatry !

LVI.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, M.A., FORMERLY FELLOW OF
WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

HE's gone—my guide at school, my college friend—
Scant space have I for utterance—still my heart,
Fresh with old memories, yearneth to impart
Such record as of Man is rarely penn'd.

Wide fields with Wadham-gardens softly blend,
His chamber view'd the scene : Here, books apart,
The lone bird warbling, We, on Nature, Art,
Oft mused, and truths of higher aim and end :

Daily I mounted to his pleasant cell :
But Time flowed on, and bore him out of sight :
Not out of mind. A thousand tongues can tell,

That, ever, when a Being pure and bright
I traced, whose life became his faith so well,
Thou, ALFORD, wert my theme and my delight.

LVII.

AFTER READING "EUSEBIUS," B. V., CH. I.

THEIRS was the living faith, heroic breast,
Who, when the rack no yielding cry had wrung,
To the fierce flame or foul hyæna flung,
Still their Lord's name, meek sufferers, confest.

O noble army of Earth's Holiest !
From whose free blood the Church to ripeness sprung,
Well may we read your story, conscience-stung,
Who, what ye earn'd, inherit—dangerous rest ;

Well shrink ashamed—on whom the morning's chill
Or mid-day heat strikes like a Martyr's pain,
If summon'd some small duty to fulfil.

Gold, easy gift, without a muscle's strain
Now wins a Martyr's praise, and win it will,
In days when death is loss, and life is gain.

LVIII.

TO L. L.

THREE lustres, my beloved, have well nigh past
Since that dear time when holy vow and ring
Gave thee to me a Bride, and from their wing
Years as they fly new blessings o'er us cast.

Witness our children, not the least nor last,
Health on their cheek—how bright hath been the spring
Of their young lives—how glad its blossoming !
Lapp'd in thy sheltering love from sorrow's blast !

Then kneel with me, sweet Mother ! while we bless,
With thoughts devout and lowly thankfulness,
His Name, who grants us all that heart can crave.

Together pray His Holy Spirit may still
Ourselves and these our treasures guard from ill,
For the dear sake of Him who died to save.

LIX.

Ne'er wa dream
So like a waking ;
in pure white robes
Like very sanctity she did approach.

THAT Voice ! was it an Angel's ? Ah, full well
I knew it—'twas "a sound that could not die."
"Father," it cried, and still that gentle cry
My listening ear holds captive to the spell.

What lips, save thine, beloved, could syllable
That word with so sweet power, by mystic tie
To bind me to thy precious memory,
Deep in my heart of hearts henceforth to dwell !

Though but in dreams as now, oh let me hear
Once more that voice, blest Spirit, for of Heaven
Its music breathes, and love, Heaven's atmosphere.

Of rest and peace it speaks—of man forgiven—
Of tearless eyes—bright robes—white waving wings,
And Seraph harpings to the King of kings.

LX.

DOLLOND, a lover of thy name and skill
Would fain that wonder-working tube possess
With which, if any, thou hast power to bless
The nightly gazer and his dreams fulfil.

'Twas thy great ancestor who hoping still,
Where NEWTON's self despair'd, by patient stress
Work'd the dark problem, till all colourless
Flow'd the pure rays as water from the rill.

Many incumbent on ancestral fame
Lean proudly idle on a gather'd store,
No kindred sympathies their breasts inflame ;

But thou, to old renown hast added more,
And, reverential, well upheld a name,
To grateful science dear on every shore.

LXI.

TO THE REV. W. R. DAWES, F.R.A.S.

Not better to the plain-encamp'd Chaldee,
Or him who from MYCENÆ's palace-wall
Watch'd nightly for the news of Ilion's fall,
Were known the stars of heaven than, DAWES, to thee :

Awe-struck they view'd the glittering canopy ;
Whilst thou, with Science, handmaid at thy call,
Turnest thy mind-illumined eye on all,
Descrying systems link'd in harmony.

Who first saw Saturn's dim mysterious ring ?
Who, when huge spots darken'd the day-star's face,
Their changes mark'd, and mighty eddying ?

Grateful the eager moment I retrace,
When we, as oped the Dome with upward spring,
Sounded the shining depths of boundless space.

OBSERVATORY, HADDENHAM, 1860.

LXII.

THE TWO GARDENS.

Too precious rosebuds in our gardens grew,
And train'd and tended with untiring care
They fill'd the eye with beauty and the air
With fragrance—water'd by the gracious dew

Of love divine, their blossoms oped and threw
A charm o'er all who watch'd them blooming there ;
And youth and age breathed blessings and a prayer
On their young heads with loving hearts and true :

And one was chosen by a courtly guest,
Sweet flower !—the halls of nobles to adorn,
And, like a gem, to sparkle on his breast ;

And one was gather'd by the Angel Death
With tenderest hand, and borne aloft to wreath
The brow that wore for us the mocking thorn.

LXIII.

BARON.

LIKE Autumn leaves our pets drop one by one
From out our sight, as we ourselves draw near
Life's final goal.—Forgive, then, if a tear
Bedew the sod where sleeps a favourite gone.

His form was faultless—truth, love, duty shone
In his mild eye.—Still ringing in my ear
A voice, that voice, sounds “Baron, Baron, here!”
And he, in wildest mood, would heed its tone.

Is there no heaven for such fidelity?
Like that wherein the untutor'd Indian dreamt
“His faithful dog might bear him company,”

From all the torturing ills of life exempt?
Say, what is instinct,—what the immortal mind
Of mortal man? what conscience? how defined?

LXIV.

MAN in the image of Jehovah made,
Man, born to love his kind, yet bred to hate,—
Is Man become a burthen to the state,
Toil-spent to sink and wither in the shade ?

What ? has the earth withholden the green blade ?
Falls there no more the early rain and late ?
Hath the brown fallow ceased to vegetate,
And flocks to bring forth thousands in the glade ?

Ah no,—boon Nature, liberal as of old,
From her full bosom yields increase of food,
Herds without number, corn a hundred-fold.

'Tis Man alone that hath her aim withstood,
To the low lust of gain insatiate sold,
And dead to every sense of brotherhood.

How manifold are thy deep wonders, LORD,
Night after night into thy heavens I gaze,
And watch as circling through the starry maze
The golden planets move in sweet accord.

Oh ! blasphemy of Fools ! oh ! thought abhorr'd !
That would the eternal characters erase,
Which to the creature show in living blaze
Creative Wisdom, and a God record ;

Yea, characters, that they who run may read,
Writ everywhere, throughout each land and sea,
In telling of His Power are all agreed :

Yet nought on earth beneath, in heaven above,
Declares, like JESUS, sinner, given for thee,
A GOD OF HOLINESS, A GOD OF LOVE.

LXVI.

THE ARBOR VITÆ.

FOUR Decades, thou, in sunshine and in rain,
Close by my threshold a tall sentinel
Hast stood ;—when first I crossed it, thou canst tell
Of home's late severed ties how keen the pain !

But hope returned—those fond regrets were vain,
Charm'd by new scenes, I learnt to love the swell
Of BERE's brown heaths, while to my lonely cell
Came friends, alas ! who ne'er can come again :

And well, dear tree, thy vigil thou hast kept ;
Hast seen how oft we've joyed, how seldom wept,
Seen kindred, brothers, parents, children, wife—

The loved and loving up our pathway tread ;
Are they not *now*—the living and the dead—
In one all gathered round THE TREE OF LIFE ?

LXVII.

THE CLIMBING BOY AND PRIMROSES.

BLACK as an Ethiop with his sack and brush
A tiny boy came sauntering down the lane,
What time the young spring suns and dewy rain
Ope'd the fresh primrose buds : blithe as the thrush

That carolled lustily in yonder bush
He whistled, while the flowers he plucked amain ;
Each like some gem of price to him was gain,—
Toil had not quenched his spirit's joyous gush.

“ To the shorn lamb God tempereth the wind,”
Oh Nature, gentle Mother ! Thou art kind
To all thy children—e'en thy abject ones

Bask in the sunshine of thy radiant smile,
Breathe thy rich odours, list thy soothing tones,
And life of half its weary load beguile.

LXVIII.

TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE AND ANN BODLEY, NONAGENARIANS,
OF WITLEIGH GOODMAN, TIVERTON.

A FARM lies mapp'd upon the green hill-side,
Once by a yeoman own'd, of no mean name,
But from a worthy Knight deriv'd, the same
Who the Bodleian's learned store supplied.

Hither, when Blundell's school-gates open'd wide,
And I was free to go, none ever came
More welcome to the good man and his Dame,
In summer or at merry Christmas tide.

Dear scenes of cheerful toil ! at morn's first glow
I follow'd the blithe Mower to the vale,
And watch'd as sank the grass in lengthening row.

Singing, the maiden fill'd her foaming pail,
And when the silent fields were white with snow,
Echo would mock the quick beat of the flail.

LXIX.

ALTHOUGH grown old in wondering, still the sight
Of the young moon, lit from the sun anew,
Strikes as a fresh creation on my view,
Another splendour added to the night.

Rounded to fulness now, and now less bright,
Shrinking, as Ocean shrinks, from stranded crew,
Whose sails flap idly since the tide withdrew,
The planet seems to ebb and flow with light.

To our own fortunes, linked by some dark chain,
We, fellow voyagers, to bring her near,
And her dim features scan, our vision strain,

Eager to know if on her spotted sphere,
With hill-top rough, and smooth with golden plain,
Dwell beings like ourselves, of hope and fear.

LXX.

THE FIRST LEAF OF THE ALBUM.

URANIA's Gift! Ah let it be
A rich and teeming treasury
Of bright thoughts innocently wild
And playful as thyself, sweet child!
Whence thou may'st summon at command
As from thy own loved fairy-land
Full many a legend, many a lay
Of Sylph or Mermaid, Sprite or Fay—
Art's loveliest forms, and flowers of Song,
Sparkling like gems its leaves among,
“ And every thing that pretty bin ”
Greet thee whene'er thou look'st therein.

LXXI.

THE LAST LEAF OF THE ALBUM.

URANIA's Gift ! When first the virgin leaves
The unspotted page unfolded, Youth's sweet days
Were opening too :—then all that art displays
Of bright and beautiful, or fancy weaves

In her capricious mood, or wit conceives,
Was culled to please our darling ; now the fays
Have fled, the song has ceased, hushed are the lays
Of our mute harps—o'er her the Cypress grieves.

Oh ! how we loved her ! every living thing
To her caress with looks of love replied.
What made thee, faithful SPORT ! lie listening

Upon her grave as though she had not died ?
For brutes, more blest, as holy Minstrels sing,
See Angel forms to our dull sense denied.

LXXII.

IN MEMORY OF THE HONOURABLE JOHN ST. CLAIR, A.B., WHO DIED IN 1842, AGED 21,
AT CH. CH., OXFORD, AND LIES BURIED IN THE CATHEDRAL.

AH, say, why weep for one thus early blest,
Fond Parents, Sisters fond ? your tears are due
If for yourselves ye weep—to mortal view
Fall'n is the pillar of your earthly rest.

But he, dear Saint, is Heaven's immortal guest :
After a rapid voyage and dangers few,
Steering by that one living light and true,
The port, that ye still seek, he hath possest.

Oh mercy rare ! to reach before life's noon
The goal, so oft denied to fervent prayer,
Angels alone can estimate the boon.

And ye who pass his tomb or linger there,
Musing on one whose summons came so soon,
Live as he liv'd, to die as died ST. CLAIR.



LXXIII.

I THANK them for their work, the pious dead,
Who, strong in faith, this glorious pile begun,
Each sire, through ages, leaving to his son,
The growing walls till all was perfected.

Here, in these echoing aisles sublime, be read
The Scriptures, here God's grace be sought and won,
Not in that curtain'd nook, as if to shun
The gaze of men, and stint the living bread.

Summon thy Preachers, the eloquent and good,
And from the lanes and from the highways brought
At thy wide gates let in the Multitude ;

Nourish thy Children, as a Mother ought,
And thou shalt stand, as Church hath rarely stood,
Based on the love of those whom thou hast taught.

LXXIV.

MORETON CHURCH REPAIRED, 1847—8.

“AND shall the Ark of God” cried Israel’s King
“In curtains bide, while I in cedar dwell?”
My gilded beams and roofs vermilion well
A curse upon my Father’s house might bring.

Louder and loftier yet he sweeps the string—
“Thou, whom the Heaven of Heavens, or deepest Hell
May not contain—O God! Thou need’st no cell
Reared by man’s hand for Thy inhabiting.”

Yet David scorned to offer to The Lord
Of that which cost him nought—punctual he weigh’d
E’en the last shekel to the Jebusite.

Nor would’st thou, FRAMPTON, see thy God adored
With hearts less meek, because thy hands have paid
In earthly dross for a more costly rite.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BENEATH embowering shades on Vernon's height
Columbia's darling son, her hero sleeps ;
A pilgrim there, borne o'er the Atlantic deeps,
Young ALBERT stands, Heir of Britannia's might.

Nought recks he now of that unholy spite
'Twixt Sovereign and subject, or the heaps
Of kindred slain on Saratoga's steeps
In deadlier feud than that fell Theban fight :

Himself the child of Freedom, to the free
He brings a graceful Tribute—nigh the stone
That seals the Patriot's grave he plants a tree—

Emblem of friendship pledged, of passions gone,
Homage of Fatherland to Liberty
Won by thy sword, immortal Washington.

LXXVI.

LADY, would'st thou be blest as Britain's Queen,
And worthily the lofty task fulfil,
Upholding good, discountenancing ill,
And thus bear golden fruit on stem so green ;

Shun, shun the Flatterer, whose lips unclean,
Poison of asps in honied words distil,
Whose wiles with Pleasure's phantom cheat the will,
Wreathing with flowers the gulf that yawns unseen ;

And know thyself—hence is thy weakness known,
Thy want of other help, want best supplied
By earnest kneelings at the heavenly throne :

Thus shalt thou walk serene by virtue's side,
At once the Nation's Ruler and thine own ;
Yea—to thy very COUNSELLORS A GUIDE.

LXXVII.

LADY, I fear to check the joyous flow
Of happiness that warms thy youthful heart,
To make from those bright eyes the moisture start
In tears of pity for such depth of woe ;

But thou art worthy as a FRIEND to know
What myriads of thy people feel the smart
Of want and sickness, whom the threatening dart
Of death would gladden by a speedier blow.

The praise of thousands, happier in their store,
And blessings from fair lips have followed thee
And thy good ALBERT to each princely door ;

Taste now a higher pleasure, godlike be,
'Tis thy prerogative, and for the poor
Wake with thine own a Nation's sympathy.

LXXVIII.

TO THE REVEREND CHARLES STRONG.

“FRIEND of my youth.” Thy earliest Muse to me
Such title gave, dear STRONG—and now that name
Old and too partial friend, thou well may’st claim.
When fresh from Blundell’s seat, a stripling, free

In Balliol’s courts to gather from the tree
Of classic lore the precious fruits I came,
Thou wert my counsellor and guide, to fame
And her steep path aye beckoning cheerily.

And still in thy own Wadham’s chamber, oft
Waked by thy hand the organ’s solemn swell
And DUNSFORD’S merry laugh, and TEMPLER’S soft

And winning accents are remembered well.
And EAGLES, “Fancy’s Child,” too soon inurned
Alas! by us how loved, how deeply mourned!

LXXIX.

BEATRICE CENCI AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Two lovely forms I picture as they stood
Clad in their grave-clothes,—one a parricide,
And one a murderess—each her hand had dyed—
This in Marat's—that in a father's blood.

Yet were they maidens both of gentlest mood :
And who their victims ? miscreants who defied
God's laws and man's, whose crimes to heaven cried
For vengeance,—monsters of hell's foulest brood.

Tears for the CENCI !—Who shall say that she
Was guilty when with calm cold eye she dared
The rack and axe, rather than worse disgrace.

And thou, proud France ! where was thy chivalry
Thy old renown ? A girl it was that bared
Her arm to hurl thy tyrant to “ his place.”

LXXX.

TO MY DEAD PAROQUET.

WELL may I mourn, nor blush to own my woe,
Now death hath silenced that half-human note,
Marring, sweet bird, thy green and golden coat
And neck, where rainbow hues would come and go.

Dear Poll, I never shall forget thee—no,
Charms, beyond graceful shape and tuneful throat,
Made me, a Stoic deem'd, so strangely doat,
And still bid tears, as I caress thee, flow ;

For thou wert fond, intelligent and true,
And shamedst many of the lordly race
Who reason boast, but friendship never knew.

Methinks thy Being to some happy place
Will yet ascend, where love shall have its due,
For GOD is love, and wants not power or space.

DAWLISH, AUGUST 30, 1838.

LXXXI.

Jays, meteorlike, oft flatter us, and fade :
Of moments brief and bright, I fain would tell,
Which, Memory treasures in her sacred cell,
Like gems, for frequent view, in casket laid.

'Twas June—on sunny lawn and leafy shade
We gazed from open window, with faint swell
Sighed the soft air, breathing the odorous smell
Of flowers that richly gentle care repaid.

Last seen, the blooming Mother was a child ;
Me she remember'd not, but well, my *bird* :
At this two little ones looked up and smiled—

Dear names of Friends entombed from me she hears—
The Past return'd, the heart's deep fount was stirr'd
And love, that slept, awoke bedew'd with tears.

WORTH, SUSSEX, 1852.

SIR THOMAS ACLAND—dear familiar name !
 Ill-changed for lordly title,—yet most due,
 If Britain's weal kept manfully in view,
 Pure life, ancestral worth, build up a claim :

Through town and hamlet long hath his fair fame
 Flourished a household theme—if tidings flew
 Of his approach, all hailed, good men and true,
 The BAYARD of the West *sans* fear, *sans* blame :

For of her love though many worthy be,
 Still ever in DEVONIA's heart and eye
 Of all her sons foremost and first was HE.

To ease well earned we yield thee with regret ;
 Bright was thy morn, calm be thy evening sky,
 THOU CHIVALROUS, THOU GRAND OLD BARONET !

LXXXIII.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES HOARE, ESQ., TO WHOM LUSCOMBE OWES ITS BEAUTIES,
AND DAWLISH A DEBT OF LASTING GRATITUDE.

THANKFUL I walk, and happy then, amid
The dark files, LUSCOMBE, of thy solemn trees,
Or, 'neath high-blossoming magnolias hid
Inhale the fragrance of the fitful breeze.

O blest retreats, that welcome fondly bid
To thoughtful minds, and profit while ye please,
Deeply I feel, if Pilgrim ever did,
The healthful influence of scenes like these.

How liberal He, whose taste, creative, made
Rude Nature smile—with blushing beauty stored
The verdant slope, and shaped the hollow glade.

Well may the grateful strain to him be^{*} poured ;
For here, Man seems, so charms the dreamy shade,
To Eden and to Innocence restored.

LXXXIV.

THOMAS DRUMMOND, ESQ., FORMERLY UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR IRELAND.

DRUMMOND, on state affairs with eye so keen,
Perhaps some thought religion might be cold
In that full breast, whereas she made thee bold
And thy love quicken'd for the island green.

'Twas not thy wont on arm of flesh to lean,
Faith in the crucified was thy stronghold;
And that thou gather'd wert into His fold,
Let thy life witness and thy death serene.

No need hast thou of pillar proudly placed,
Nor words that friendship's partial pen indites,
Whose memory on a nation's love is based.

On some broad living rock 'mid Erin's heights,
Thine *own* in giant characters be traced—
KNOW YE HAVE DUTIES, SIRS, AS WELL AS RIGHTS.

ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF "ARIOSTO."

ROSE, I would copy from the olden time,
When deeds of courtesy and love prevailed,
And none did win the Muses, but was hailed
By all their sacred sons with grateful rhyme.

For thou hast not mis-spent thy youthful prime,
Nor to th' Hesperian regions vainly sailed,
Like Him who first the fleece's guard assailed,
Thou, too, bring'st treasures from the Sun's own clime.

May prosperous gales still breathe upon thy way,
And cheering thousands crowd the fading shore,
Eager to catch again thy jocund lay.

Orpheus, high-seated on thy gallant prow,
Shall echo from his harp unwonted lore,
Whilst I fresh bays will gather for thy brow.



LXXXVI.

"Now," said Mrs. Bloncowo, "you have heard the fate of my daughter Frampton's Bullfinch, go and write a Sonnet upon it."

A GENTLE Dame, fond of her little bird,
Summon'd a skilful Artist to pourtray
Its tiny shape, that, pictured, it might stay
When the soft warble should no more be heard.

The Painter came, the creature scarcely stirr'd,
For one was near who watch'd each new display
The pencil wrought, till drest in plumage gay
The favourite to the tablet was transferr'd.

Ah, me ! a vase stood by, wherein were dipp'd
The vermeil tints, hither poor Bully flew,
And all unseen the tainted water sipp'd.

Caught to the breast which still in death it knew,
There droop'd it, like a flower untimely nipp'd,
And dying chirp'd what seem'd a fond adieu.

LXXXVII.

MISS HOLFORD, AUTHOR OF "WALLACE," "MARGARET OF ANJOU,"
AND OTHER POEMS.

It chanced in Winter that I shelter'd me
In a mild southern vale, where dwelleth one
Who in her youth had, harping, waked a tone
That rang thro' Britain's Isle, from sea to sea.

Wallace, like his own mountains, bold and free,
The Hero was that her first raptures won ;
Next, Margaret ! wandering with thy princely son,
She sought a Heroine, and sang of Thee.

What tho' be quenched the lightning of her eye,
What tho' the Harp that to the northern blast
Gave such wild music, hush'd, unsmitten, lie.

Shall we not honour her for triumphs past,
Joy with her joy, and answer sigh with sigh,
And, loyal, smooth her pillow at the last !

LXXXVIII.

TO T. MERIVALE, ESQ., ON BEING PRESENTED WITH HIS COLLECTED POEMS.

ERE MERIVALE, in our autumnal day
We met, from thy clear page, I learnt thy mind,
And needed none to whisper he is kind,
Of temper chivalrous, and wisely gay :

All this and more, applausive, I could say,
Descant on taste, from classic source, refined,
Wit, feeling, harmony with grace combined,
And thoughts that speak Religion's lofty sway.

Would that thy DANTE's wish, were granted me !
Smooth bark, bright waters and at will to roam
With a few genial friends adorn'd like thee :

Meanwhile, tho' distant from thy hearth my home,
Still, in green shade, or by our pleasant sea,
I commune with thee in each cherish'd Rome.

DAWLISH, 1840.

LXXXIX.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA ZAPPI.

WHAT'S HE that, sculptured in the insensate stone,
A Giant sits—a miracle of Art?
With lips so seeming life-like, and apart
In act of utterance that we list their tone?

'Tis MOSES, by the beard's full honours known
And the twin ray that from his brow doth start—
'Tis MOSES, as from Sinai's loftiest part
Descending, in his face the Godhead shone!

Such was He, when the Red Sea hushed his din
And the rent wave a double wall appeared,
Or Egypt's host entombed at his dread word.

Oh Israel! could'st thou make a calf thy sin?
Godlike, as this, some form thou should'st have reared—
Thy guilt were less, hadst thou such work adored.

C. L.

N

XC.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

OfT on the recollection sweet I dwell,
Yea, never from my mind can aught efface
The dress my Mistress wore, the time, the place,
Where first she fixed my eyes in rapture's spell.

How she then looked, thou, Love, rememberest well,
For thou her side hast never ceased to grace ;
Her gentle air, her meek, angelic face
The power of language, and of thought excel.

As o'er the mountain peaks deep-clad in snow
Apollo pours a flood of golden light,
So down her snowy vesture streamed her hair :

The time and place how vain it were to show !
It must be day where shines a sun so bright,
And Paradise where dwells a form so fair.

XCI.

GIROLAMO FRACASTORO.

POET of Greece ! whene'er thine ample page
My soul enraptures with its noble strain,
Whether it be Achilles' high disdain,
Or wise Ulysses' toilsome pilgrimage,

Methinks that from some mountain's lofty stage
I see towns, forests, rivers, and blue main,—
There desert wilds, and here the fruitful plain,
Teeming with countless forms, my sight engage.

Such various climes, rites, laws, thy Muse explores,
Unfolding sunny banks and grottos cold,
Valleys and mountains, promontories, shores,

'Twould seem, so Heaven inspires thy genius bold,
That Nature's self but copied from thy stores,
Thou first great Painter of the things of old !

XCII.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

FATHER of heaven ! if haply by thy grace
A living branch I am of that true vine
Which spreads o'er all, and bids us to resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace—

Thine eye divine my feeble growth will trace
Beneath the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due thou wilt refine
The humour gross, and quicken its dull pace.

So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er in thee,
Each hour I feed me with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.

Thy word is pledged that thou wilt be with me,—
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew

XCIII.

PIETRO BEMBO.

AH, dear retreat ! where from the world I steal,
Where to myself I live, and dwell alone,
Why thee denied, now Phœbus fiercer grown
Has left the Twins behind his burning wheel ?

With thee I seldom grief or anger feel,
No where my thoughts so oft to heaven have flown,
No where my pen such industry has shown,
When to the Muse I chance to make appeal.

From thee I learnt how sweet the pensive mood—
And how from care to keep my bosom free
And live at peace, was taught me in thy school.

Dear rivulet ! and thou delightful wood !
Oh that these parching sands, this glaring sea,
Were changed for your green shades and waters cool !

XCIV.

BERNARDO TASSO.

THIS Shade that never to the sun is known
When in mid-heaven his eye all seeing glows,
Where myrtle boughs with foliage dark enclose
A bed with marigold and violets strown ;

Where babbling runs a brook with tuneful moan,
And wave so clear, the sand o'er which it flows
Is no more dimm'd than is the purple rose
When through the crystal pure its blush is shown ;

A humble swain, who owns no other store,
To thee devotes, O gentle God of sleep,
Whose spells the care-worn mind to peace restore,

If thou the balm of slumber soft and deep
Wilt o'er his aching senses gently pour,
Closing those eyes that open but to weep !

XCV.

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

My wave-worn bark through life's tempestuous sea
Speeds on its rapid course to that far shore,
Where all must give account the Judge before,
And as their actions merit, sentenced be.

At length from Fancy's wild enchantments free,
That made me ART as some strange god adore,
I deeply feel how vain its richest store,
Now that the one thing needful faileth me !

Vain dreams of love ! once sweet, now yield they aught
If, earned by them, a twofold death be mine,
This—doomed me here, and that—beyond the grave ?

Nor painting's art, nor sculptor's skill e'er brought
Peace to the soul that seeks that friend divine
Who on the cross stretch'd out his arms to save.

XCVI.

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

THIS mortal life—that in its rapid night
Counts but a few brief hours, obscure and cold—
Had wrapt till now in clouds of thickest fold
My purer soul, and dimm'd her sacred light.

At length thy mercies burst upon my sight,
I see how fruits and flowers, and heat, and cold,
And heaven's sweet harmonies, by love controll'd,
Proclaim, eternal God ! thy power and might.

Yea, the pure balmy air, the light so clear
That the round world to our glad vision shows,
Were raised by thee from chaos dark and drear :

And all that shines on earth, in heaven that glows,
Out of thick darkness thou hast made appear,
And at thy word the day and sun arose.

XCVII.

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

CHILD of the humid, calm, and shadowy Night,
Fair placid Sleep, whose spells to sorrow bring
Such dreams of peace, such bright imagining,
That earth-born cares are veil'd from Memory's sight !

Now yield my fainting soul thy calm delight,
O'er these frail weary limbs refreshment fling ;
Ah ! waft thee hither, Sleep, on dusky wing,
And on thy suppliant's eyelids soft alight.

But where is Silence, foe to garish day,
Where the light visions that with printless tread
Come gently flitting round thy quiet way ?

Alas ! in vain I woo thee, and in vain
These cold dull shades propitiate.—O bed
With torture heap'd ! O nights of gloom and pain !

XCVIII.

ANGELO DA COSTANZO.

The harp that on the banks of Mincius sung
Daphnis and Melibœus, in such strains
That never on Arcadia's hills or plains
Have rustic notes with sweeter echoes rung ;

When now its chords more deep and tuneful strung
Had told of rural gods to listening swains,
And the great Exile's deeds and pious pains,
Who from Anchises and the Goddess sprung,

The shepherd placed it high in spreading oak,
Where if winds breathe the sacred strings among,
It seems as if a voice in anger spoke :

"Let none dare touch me of the unhallowed throng ;
Chords which great Tityrus to rapture woke
Disdain to mingle with a meaner song."

XCIX.

ANGELO DA COSTANZO.

YE sacred Swans, of Mincio's streams possess,
And flowery banks, which his calm wave delay !
Tell me if it be true as legends say,
Was Maro cradled in your tuneful nest ?

Say, Siren fair, as thou in peace wouldst rest,
Thou, 'mid whose pleasant bowers he loved to stray,
Did he, ah ! tell me, when life ebb'd away,
Recline his drooping head on thy fond breast ?

What greater bliss could partial heaven confer ?
So rare a birth what sweeter death adorn ?
How matched the cradle and the sepulchre !

Amid white swans and their soft music born,
Sirens in sable garb his corse inter,
And round his tomb assembled weep forlorn.

C.

GALEAZZO DI TARSIA.

TEMPESTUOUS, loud, and agitated Sea !
In thy late peaceful calm and quiet, thou
Didst represent my happy state, but now
Art picture true of my deep misery !

From thee is fled each joyous thing, the glee
Of sportive Nereid, and smooth-gliding prow ;
From me—what late made joy illumine my brow,
And these sad present hours so drear to be.

Alas ! the time is near when will return
The season calm, and all thy waves be gay,
And thou this fellowship of woe forsake ;

The tyrant of my breast will never make
Serenely the night to me, or clear the day,
Whether the sun be hid or cloudless burn !



CI.

ANNIBALE CARO.

DEAD art thou, friend ? whose breath seem'd to control
My charm'd existence ; thou ! my strength and stay,
Thou ! who wert found, when storms obscured my way,
Guide of my course, and haven of my soul ?

Well hath thy race been run; and heaven the goal—
But when return ? when breaks the immortal day
I go to thee ? or meanwhile how repay
The world for such great loss, and me console ?

Oh ! shed on me from heaven, thou spirit blest,
Strength to endure, or even to forget,
Lest my sad tears disturb thy peaceful rest :

Or oft descend and minister relief,
That I with calmer, not less deep, regret
May consecrate thy glories and my grief.

CII.

TORQUATO TASSO.

THY unripe youth was like the purple rose,
That to the warm ray opens not its breast,
But, hiding still within the leafy vest,
Dares not its virgin beauties to disclose ;

Or like Aurora, when the heaven first glows,
(For likeness from above will suit thee best)
When she with gold kindles the mountain's crest,
And o'er the plain her pearly mantle throws.

No injury from time thy bloom receives,
Nor can young beauty deck'd with art's display
Rival the native graces of thy form ;

Thus loveliest is the flower whose ripened leaves
Perfume the air, and more than orient ray
The sun's meridian glories blaze and warm.

CIII.

G. BATISTA PASTORINI.

My Genoa ! if tears disdain to flow
As o'er thy wasted form I bend my view,
'Tis not that filial love hath ceased to glow ;
Methinks that tears would prove thy sons untrue.

These glorious ruins, heap'd as trophies new,
Thy constancy and lofty purpose show ;
Where'er I gaze, whatever way pursue,
I mark how valour met the whelming blow.

More than triumphant deem the eventful day
When foes beheld thee fall'n, yet not subdued,
And thy firm aspect mock'd their proud array.

Yea, Liberty I saw, in joyful mood,
Go round, and kiss each scatter'd heap, and say—
HAIL ! RUINS, HAIL ! AUGHT, AUGHT, BUT SERVITUDE !

CIV.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

ITALIA ! Italia ! O thou on whom was shed
Beauty's ill-fated gift, whence springs such store
Of troubles infinite, that anguish sore
Hath o'er thy brow a cloud of sorrow spread !

Oh ! that thou wert less lovely, or more dread,
That those might prize thee less, or fear thee more,
Who now in lovers' guise thy charms adore,
Yet aim the blow would leave their victim dead !

Then should I no more see, like wasteful flood,
From Alp the foe pour down, nor Gallic steed
Drink the Po's wave, that reddens with thy blood.

Nor wouldst thou, girt with weapon not thine own,
Leave the hired stranger at thy post to bleed—
In victory or defeat alike o'erthrown.

GIROLAMO PRETI.

O SUN supreme ! from whom the orb of day,
That kindles all heaven's fires, derives his light,
Thou ! whose dread form insufferably bright,
Veil'd with their wings, the Seraphin survey,

O'er this cold breast thy sacred beams display,
Scatter the clouds that darken reason's sight ;
For, captive now to mortal beauty's might,
My soul but feebly owns thy holier sway.

Oh ! let these sighs that breathe unchaste desire
Up to thy purifying ray ascend,
And there in warm repentant tears expire ;

So when salt waves to heaven their vapours lend,
Purged of their grossness in the solar fire,
Bitter they rise, but sweet in showers descend.

CVI.

GIAMBATTISTA COTTA.

“THERE is no God,” the fool in secret said,
“There is no God that rules or earth or sky.”
Rend the dark veil that shades the wretch’s head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.

Is there no God ? The stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
And his own features in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God ? The stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,

All speak of God, throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows ;—
Blind to thyself, yet see him, fool, in these.

CVII.

CARLO MARIA FRUGONI.

WHEN the great Scipio left the thankless land
(That vaunts his birth but may not boast his grave)
Resolved, as scorning to be Faction's slave,
To live self-exiled on a distant strand,

Those shades renown'd, once soldiers of his band,
Who from Italia's fields the spoiler drave,
Flash'd indignation—nor the offence forgave
Those Powers above who peace and war command.

And following him a solemn troop there came,
Who inly murmur'd at the hero's doom,
The ancient Virtues of the Latin name :

And on that hour near Styx's monstrous womb,
The ghost of him who first the Alps o'ercame,
Exchanged for scornful joy his sullen gloom.

CVIII.

DOMENICO LAZZARINI.

If the blest Swan that now in heaven soars free,
Whilst Arqua's groves his mortal weeds enshrine,
Owed to thy teaching, Love, and only thine,
The numbers sweet that so ennoble thee,

Why—since in beauty with the far-famed tree
That waked on Sarga's banks his lay divine,
May well be match'd the plant inspiring mine,
That near the Aterno blooms, 'twixt hill and sea—

Why so inspire his notes and tuneful wail,
That he on dove-like wings could heavenward turn,
Whilst I in vain attempt the arduous steep?

“Still seems it strange my power could so avail,”
Replied the god, “and o'er his sacred urn
Three ages now, and more, I watch and weep.”

CIX.

PETROCCHI.

I ASK'D of Time, "To whom arose this high
Majestic pile here mouldering in decay?"
He answer'd not, but swifter sped the way,
With ceaseless pinions winnowing the sky.

To Fame I turn'd: "Speak thou, whose sons defy
The waste of years, and deathless works essay!"—
She heaved a sigh as one to grief a prey,
And silent downward cast her tearful eye.

Onward I pass'd, but sad and thoughtful grown,
When stern in aspect, o'er the ruin'd shrine,
I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone;

"Dread Power," I cried, "tell me whose high design"—
He check'd my further speech in sullen tone,
"Whose once it was I care not, now, 'tis mine."

CX.


PIETRO METASTASIO.

O LOVELY Rose ! whose leaves so purely grew,
Fed by the gentle dews of earliest morn,
When balmy breezes with Aurora born
O'er thy young beauties vermeil colours threw !

The pious hand that hence thy bloom withdrew
Would fain transplant thee where thou mayst adorn
A purer clime, and, stript of every thorn,
Enrich thy nobler part with graces new.

Thus thou wilt soon become a peerless flower,
No longer subject to the changeful air,
From wind and frost secure and whelming shower ;

And trained by ONE who ne'er remits his care,
Thou wilt acquire within that peaceful bower
Eternal fragrance for thy beauty rare !



NOTES.

—♦—

THE twenty-one last Sonnets, except the first, translated by my friend C. L., are reprinted from my "Specimens of Sonnets from the most celebrated Italian Poets, with Translations."

XCIII.

The worthy prelate, cooped up in Venice, is sighing for his rural retreat in the neighbourhood of Padua.

C.

Tarsia was a warm admirer of that exemplary woman Vittoria Colonna, from whose numerous sonnets, XCII. is given as a specimen.

CI.

It does not appear to what friend Caro alludes. The translator, whilst executing his task, had his lamented brother R. H. S. continually in his thoughts.

CIII.

Genoa was bombarded by the French in 1684. Its determined resistance to Louis the Fourteenth inspired this noble sonnet : the latter part, and especially the last line, which owes

NOTES.

its excellence to a form of expression peculiar to the Italian, are far from being worthily rendered in the English ; perhaps the following may better represent the original :

“DESTRUCTION, YES, BUT OH ! NOT SERVITUDE.”

OR, “NEVER SERVITUDE.”

CX.

Addressed to a young lady called Rosa, who was about to take the veil.

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.





